

# The Anti-Slavery Bugle.

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"NO UNION WITH SLAVEHOLDERS."

ANN PEARSON, PUBLISHING AGENT.

VOL. 15.—NO. 14.

SALEM, COLUMBIANA COUNTY, OHIO, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 19, 1859.

WHOLE NO. 736.

## The Anti-Slavery Bugle.

From the Liberator.

### JOHN BROWN, AND HIS MOVEMENT.

The telegraph has reported, and the periodical press has circulated throughout the country, details of intense interest respecting this man, and the daring adventure which has left him in the hands of bitter and reckless enemies, bereft of resources, and threatened with speedy death.

What is to be said of him, and of it? First, and most important, what is to be said of his character and his motive? Is he honest or false, disinterested or selfish, noble or vile? Was his purpose a good purpose?

The history of Kansas, reported in the newspapers from year to year, has told us much of the actions and the sufferings of one who was familiarly known as "Old man Brown," and "Oswatimie Brown," and more details respecting him have recently been published in the *Atlas and Bee*, by a perfectly competent and trustworthy witness, Mr. James Redpath. The same moral characteristics appear, the same purpose is manifest, in his conduct at Kansas and during his late residence in Virginia.

In the whole history of the country, no man has appeared of sterner integrity, of truer nobleness of soul, of more heroic devotion to what he considered right, or of more unselfish desires and more arduous labors for the benefit of others. His whole life has shown him to be one of God's nobility, and his serious, earnest demeanor, on the only occasion when I had the pleasure of seeing him, well corresponded with that character. His aspect and bearing, his speech and action took hold of the hearts of those who possessed any corresponding nobleness, and kindled hearty affection as well as deference and respect among his associates. He was a man to be loved and trusted as well as to be obeyed. Such is the testimony of those who knew him best.

His purpose in going to Kansas seems to have been to support his family by honest labor, in a place where he could also take an active part in confirming free institutions, and averting the curse of slavery from a State then in the process of formation. Disappointed in the first of these pursuits by the marauding army of Border Ruffians, who burnt his house, murdered his sons, and desolated his home, (and all these as mere steps towards the extermination of freedom, and the permanent establishment of slavery), he seems to have devoted himself wholly to the second, and to have lived, thenceforth, with no selfish or private purpose, but wholly for the defence and relief of those who were yet more oppressed than himself. With this view he went to Virginia.

The picture of the Good Samaritan will live to all future ages, glorified by Jesus as the model of human excellence for helping one whom he chanced to find in need. John Brown did more than this, and emulated the example of the beneficent Saviour himself, for he went to seek those who were lost, that he might save them. I know no more noble instance of the combination of disinterested affection with exalted heroism, than the voluntary consecration, by this strong, free, intelligent, man of all his powers, and the labors of his whole life, in behalf of the most needy and unfortunate of human beings.

La Fayette has won unbounded praise and gratitude, and a lofty place in the records of history, by volunteering his services in behalf of an oppressed people, at the darkest hour in their fortunes, and with every prospect of losing what he risked in their behalf. He offered his aid in this desperate crisis, and came hither when it was accepted. It was a noble act, and the glory which has followed his success is no more than he has fully deserved. But John Brown did far more. He voluntarily devoted his labors, the toils and suffering of a life, to those who were so oppressed that they could not receive a message from him, or send an answer to him. The people for whom he was planning and toiling could not give him even gratitude, for they did not know of his existence; and each one whom he succeeded in delivering saw him only for an instant, as he despatched them, under cloud of night, through dangers which his care had diminished, towards a liberty which he risked for himself, that he might secure it for them.

Then the amount, and the sort of danger incurred, how different in these two cases! The risk of life was common to both, but neither esteemed this earthly life his most precious possession. La Fayette had not only the consciousness of a lofty, chivalrous position, the satisfaction of fighting an open combat, on the side acknowledged to be right, in the case of an admiring world—

"But the stern joy which warriors feel  
In foemen worthy of their steel."

He was combating a civilized nation, which respected rank like his, even in an enemy, and which in the event of his imprisonment, would have given him honorable treatment and ultimate release.

How unappealingly greater the danger, how much more fearful the risk, to which John Brown subjected himself! Think, reader, what it is to go to live in Virginia for the purpose of helping the slaves! It is to pass one's life among bandits for the chance of being able to help those whom they have plundered. It is to live surrounded by a brutal, ignorant, vulgar and vicious population, regardless alike of honor and justice, of humanity and religion; to have one's life and conversation among a people who despise benevolence, mock at the Golden Rule, ignore even such maxims as an English pugilist practices, strike a man when he is down, get their livelihood by robbery, find their enjoyment in drunkenness. It is to live among a people who, being constantly in the wrong, are constantly deserving reprimand, and constantly fearing them; and who, ever suspicious of a stranger, are wont to count their suspicions as evidence, and at short notice to inflict upon him such personal indignity, brutal abuse, and privation of liberty as they habitually bestow upon the slaves; and with whom it is customary to punish humanity worse than in civilized countries they do crime.

The purpose of John Brown was, at his own expense, and at enormous and fearful risk to him-

self, to help the slaves to freedom. It was a noble purpose, and will receive the plaudits of every manly and generous heart.

The braggart buffoon who appropriately holds the Governor's chair in the slave-breeding State of Virginia, said, in his Richmond speech, that Brown made a great mistake in supposing that the slaves wished to escape; and thereupon he proceeded to offer a reward of \$1000 for the apprehension of one of Brown's associates who had escaped, to send multitudes of armed men scouring the mountains in pursuit of him, and to urge the importance of the organization of military throughout the State, and the exercise of great vigilance against similar movements hereafter!!!

At the North, if a person should come stealthily from abroad to whisper to our working men that they could find better wages and a pleasant situation elsewhere, and they should reject his proposition, saying that they were perfectly satisfied here, we should not think it necessary to offer a thousand dollars for his head, or to proceed to the organization of additional bodies of military, or to recommend great vigilance to guard against the repetition of such suggestions!

Sapient Wise! The cause of the slaveholders is so desperate, that neither truth nor moderately probable lies will answer its necessities. But will it help the matter for the Governor of the Ancient Dominion to tell lies so preposterously absurd that their falseness is stamped upon their face?

It appears that John Brown's motive and purpose were the highest and the noblest. What is to be said of his method?

Brown is regarded by those who knew him best as a person of great prudence, caution and good judgment, as well as great boldness. These qualities do not appear in the transactions at Harper's Ferry. He effected there not only no good commensurate with the greatness of the preparations, but no good whatever. The negroes who were associated with him were either killed, or fell into the hands of their oppressors. How many he had helped to a secure escape before, how many he had reasonable hope of delivering, if his plan of operations had succeeded, we have no means of judging, because we do not know what that plan was. It is conjectured that some accident or some treachery brought on this outbreak before his plans were matured, even so far as to be intelligibly made known by his failure. We are, therefore, unable to say precisely how far he was imprudent in this undertaking. One feature, however, of his method of operations appears too plainly to be mistaken, namely, the collection of large quantities of arms, and the expectation, in emergencies more or less probable, of a bloody conflict. The American Anti-Slavery Society, and its organ, the *Anti-Slavery Standard*, and its ally, the *Liberator*, have always earnestly endeavored to dissuade the slaves and their helpers from this method of vindicating their rights. All bloody and violent methods of opposition to slavery have been uniformly discouraged by the Abolitionists, in general, on the ground of policy, prudence, and probabilities of success, and, by those of their number who are non-resistants, on the ground of principle. In this discussion, for both these reasons, I most heartily and fully concur.

First, as to the lower ground, that of prudence and good judgment; it is absurd to fight when the party in question is so small, or so ill provided that it will certainly lose what it fights for. The slaves of this country (though their cause for fighting is as good, and ten times more urgent, than that of our Revolutionary fathers) are so destitute of money, arms, stores, leaders, knowledge of various indispensable kinds, and opportunities of concert and combination, that no individual insurrectionary movement offers the slightest probability of success, even to those engaged in it, while the condition of the slaves around them is rendered far worse by their movement, whether for themselves it be a success or a failure. "The sons of Zerah are yet too hard for them." The one single advantage which insurrectionary movements contribute towards the grand object of the overthrow of slavery—namely, the renewed demonstrations which they give of the insecurity of tyrants, making every slaveholder's life a succession of alarms, suspicions and panic terrors—is not sufficient to counterbalance their many evils. I think that no intelligent friend of the slave, even if he be a fighting man, can advise them to fight with the expectation that they will thus regain their lives and regain their liberty.

But there is a higher and nobler ground than this, which urges yet more forcibly to the same conclusion. As the Anti-Slavery movement is a great religious enterprise, seeking a Christian end by Christian means—as it proposes in no case to render evil for evil, but always to seek to overcome evil with good—so its advocates desire and counsel that the slaves use only Christian means by which to work out their deliverance. The word Christian has been so misused and perverted by a pro-slavery clergy, that when Abolitionists use it in this connection, it is necessary to explain and define. I therefore premise that I repudiate with indignation the idea that Christianity requires any human being patiently to acquiesce in enslavement. The liberty with which Christ makes free includes no such stupidity as the duty of consenting to be chained, and beaten, and treated as a beast of burden. "The glorious liberty of the children of God" authorizes its possessor to cast off Legree's or Netherland's chain not less than Satan's chain. Every slave, Christian or not, has a right, in virtue of his human body and soul, to declare his freedom, and to take his freedom. But this right does not include, nor extend to, the killing of his tyrant, were he as bad as Netherland himself, and the Christian system expressly forbids us to use such means, even for so good an end. According to that system, evil is to be overcome with good, never with corresponding evil. Would for wound, stripe for stripe, life for life, are provisions belonging to the barbarous and obsolete Jewish system; the Christian code says—Render not evil for evil. And this I hold to be the true, the just and the obligatory law, holding jurisdiction alike over slave and freeman.

Judging, feeling obliged by my allegiance to truth and righteousness to judge, by this standard, I must say of the shedding of blood at Harper's Ferry, as of that at Lexington and Bunker

Hill, that it is not the right way to maintain a good cause. To take, and hold, one's liberty without either taking revenge or inflicting injury, or, if need be, to die rather than submit to the base condition of a slave, this is well; all honor to him or to her who firmly takes and inflexibly adheres to this position. To gain one's freedom by killing the kidnapper is to do evil that good may come. But if Brown is not to be praised for fighting, even for liberty, what is to be said of Wise, and the military ruffians of the Slave Power, who shed blood in defence of slavery? What, but that they are as much worse than the Priest and the Levite who passed by on the other side, as they were worse than the Good Samaritan?—C. K. W.

### MRS. STURTEVANT.

Of Cleveland, whose name occurs in some letter from Brown's Carpet Bag, has the following communication in the *Platender*.

MR. GRAY: Ill health is my excuse for the delay of the following statement:

While Kansas was being invaded by hordes of ruffians sent there by the pro-slavery Democracy, and paid out of the Public treasury to murder free State men, plunder and burn towns, and fog women, for no other crime than that their husbands were Abolitionists; and respectable citizens arrested and imprisoned for naught but their refusal to acknowledge inhuman laws made by men elected by foreign votes; while yet the contest against such attempts to force slavery into that Territory was undecided, I learned to venerate John Brown, for his nobleness of character, his love of justice, and his hatred of oppression.

Kansas to-day owes more to his untiring energy and perseverance than any other living man, for the peace and prosperity he citizens enjoy.

Last spring, when he passed through Cleveland on his way east, I invited and cordially welcomed him to my house; and I shall ever be glad that I entertained so worthy a man. I am proud of his confidence and his friendship, and all the infamy that can be heaped upon him, will never lessen my esteem. He advocated publicly as well as privately, and no more privately than publicly, the forcible taking of slaves from their masters. We all know that he had taken slaves from their masters in Missouri, and under the circumstances in which it was done, I am free to say that I approve it. Mr. Brown always argued that the immediate emancipation of all the slaves, if by any means it could be brought about, and that the immediate establishment of equal rights politically and socially, would be conducive to the best good of the slaves and all concerned. Upon this point he and I always differed, as is well known to persons who have heard us discuss this subject. I always took the ground that to take such a mass of ignorant human beings from their present degradation and elevate them at once to the condition of the more favored classes, would bring about a state of things by no means desirable. He never made known to me, however, that he had any design to incite insurrection among the slaves.

As to the confession drawn from poor Copeland, and which I will not reflect upon him or any other one of the unfortunate men connected with the Harper's Ferry affair, I must in justice say from what I know of the parties, that I believe the statement of Mr. Brown relative to his agency in inducing him, or any one, to join him by promises of any kind to be strictly true. Certain it is that he is mistaken in saying that I knew he was going to Harper's Ferry.

In reply to the charge against me of having incendiary letters sent to my care, I would say if the editor of the *Democrat* knows any such letters to be incendiary, he knows more about their contents than I do. The letters he refers to came to me sealed in an envelope and directed to the persons to whom they were to be sent, with a request that they should be forwarded. What they contained I could not say. It may be a part of the business carried on at the Cleveland Post Office to examine into letters and report the contents, and the editor of the *Democrat* elevated to the dignified position of publishing them. As to the charge of being a working woman, I acknowledge myself such, especially in the cause of human freedom, and while my strength remains I shall aid it by such means as I may command.

It is reiterated in the *Democrat* of the 1st of November that Mr. Sturtevant "denies all knowledge of Brown's revolutionary movements." What Mr. S. said was this: That he had no knowledge of the plot which was carried into effect at Harper's Ferry, until it was announced by the telegraph dispatch. This I reaffirm. And I have the best of reasons to believe that there were many of Mr. Brown's friends who aided him with means that never understood his plans. While I have thus designed to notice these charges against me, and this shameful and unjust attempt on the part of a public officer and a hiring editor, to bring reproach upon myself and husband, I wish to utter my protest against any and every effort of the kind. I deny the right of Marshal Johnson or Editor Flood to pry into and bring before the public, the private doings of any of our citizens. If we have violated the laws of the land, the Government has pointed out a way and established tribunals whose special business it is to investigate such violation. No honorable man would seek to prejudice the public against the accused. And it has guaranteed to every citizen, even to negroes and women, the privilege of a fair trial. But say what chance has any one for an impartial investigation when the public mind is filled with false rumors and statements, as has been of late by these two most unworthy officials, who have thus departed from their legitimate functions and have arrogated to themselves duties which in no manner belong to them. Suppose I have received letters from that noble man John Brown—suppose I have aided him in any way in his praiseworthy efforts to liberate the slave—suppose I have entertained at my house such men as Kagi and others who have consecrated themselves (though misguided they may have been) and have lost their life most usefully in the cause of human right! Is it a violation of the laws of Ohio? Am I amenable for such acts to the government at Washington and its petty officials stationed here? Or to the

laws of Virginia, or its crazy executive, or its blood thirsty judiciary? who in their zeal to convict a person, as in the case of Mr. Brown make him guilty of twice murdering the same man! Or to either of the political parties who in their strife for power ignore all the rights of individuals and seem to forget and wholly repudiate the plainest and dearest immunities which belong to us as private citizens, the right of private judgment and the liberty to act in harmony therewith. There is a system of espionage being established here which exceeds in severity the worst days of Democratic France. Slavery and the darkest features of the infamous system have obtained such a foothold here, that it would seem that we are not standing erect in the dignity of free men and women of Ohio, but are cowering at the feet of the insolent slave power.

Men seem to forget to inquire what are the laws of Ohio—what does her Constitution guarantee to her citizens; but, what says the slave power?—What does the Fugitive Bill demand? What of liberty is left us by the Dred Scott decision?

Now, for one, I utterly repudiate and abhor the requisitions of those laws. I would aid, if indeed they are laws, I would disregard them. Any law, enactment, or custom which forbids me to aid suffering humanity wherever found, I utterly reject and despise. And I would thus publicly give notice to all the friends of oppression in every form, that I shall treat all such laws as a nullity, and if a grand jury can be found who will indict me for such disobedience, they are perfectly welcome so to do. I shall neither "flee to Canada" nor cease to do all that lies in my power to break down this iniquitous system of oppression, which is even here at the North, stifling every noble feeling or impulse of the human heart.

My cool sickness as I discover the sympathy and want of bold and manly courage at such an hour as this—apparent, even among the prominent advocates for freedom. And it is becoming a serious question what is the destiny of this nation, unless some Deliverer speedily arise who can so unite and strengthen the bold defenders of right and truth, that an effectual barrier may be raised, not only against the further aggressions of the slave power, but shall carry the war into the enemy's camp, and kill forever the hydra-headed monster which is threatening our existence as a nation.

MRS. ISAAC STURTEVANT.  
Cleveland, Nov. 3, 1859.

### LETTER FROM A QUAKER LADY TO JOHN BROWN.

Newport, R. I.,  
Tenth month, 27th, '59.

DEAR JOHN BROWN:—Since thy arrest I have often thought of thee, and have wished that, like Elizabeth Fry toward her prison friends, so I might console thee in thy confinement. But that can never be, and so I can only write thee a few lines, which, if they contain any comfort, may come to thee like some little ray of light.

These can never know how many very dear dear friends love thee with all their hearts, for thy brave efforts in behalf of the poor oppressed; and though we, who are non-resistants, and religiously believe it better to reform by moral and not by carnal weapons, could not approve of bloodshed, yet we know thee was animated by the most generous and philanthropic motives. Very many thousands openly approve thy intentions, though most friends would not think it right to take up arms.

Thousands pray for thee every day; and, oh, I do pray that God will be with thy soul. Posterity will do thee justice. If Moses led out the thousands of Jewish slaves from their bondage, and God destroyed the Egyptians in the sea because they went after the Israelites to bring them back to slavery, then surely, by the same reasoning, we may judge that a deliverer who wished to release millions from a more cruel oppression, if the American people honor Washington for resisting with bloodshed for seven years an unjust tax, how much more ought thou to be honored for seeking to free the poor slaves.

Oh, I wish I could plead for thee, as some of the other sex can plead, how I should seek to defend thee! If I had now the eloquence of Portia, how I would turn the scale in thy favor! But I can only pray, "God bless thee!" God pardon thee, and through our Redeemer give thee safety and happiness now and always.

From thy friend, E. B.

### JOHN BROWN'S REPLY.

CHARLESTOWN, JEFFERSON CO., Va.,  
1st November, 1859.

MY DEAR FRIEND E. B. OF R. I.:

Your most cheering letter of 27th of Oct. is received, and may the Lord reward you a thousand fold for the kind feeling you express toward me; but more especially for your fidelity to the "poor that cry, and those that have no help." For this I am a prisoner in bonds. It is solely my own fault: in a military point of view, that we met with our disaster—I mean that I mingled with them and so far sympathized with them and their families, that I neglected my duty in other respects. But God's will, not mine, be done.

You know that Christ once armed Peter. So also in my case, I think he put a sword into my hand, and then continued it so long as he saw best, and then kindly took it from me. I mean when I first went to Kansas. I wish you could know what cheerfulness I am now wielding the "Sword of the Spirit," on the right hand and on the left. I bless God that it proves "mighty to the pulling down of strongholds." I always loved my Quaker friends, and I commend to their kind regard my poor bereaved, widowed wife, and my daughters and daughters in law, whose husbands fell at my side. One is a mother, and the other likely to become so soon. They, as well as my own sorrow stricken daughter, are left very poor, and have much greater need of sympathy than I, who, through Infinite Grace and the kindness of strangers, am "joyful in all my tribulations."

Dear Sister, write them at North Elba, Essex Co., N. Y., to comfort their sad hearts. Direct to

Mary A. Brown, wife of John Brown. There is also another—a widow—wife of Thompson, who fell with my poor boys in the affair at Harper's Ferry, at the same place.

I do not feel conscious of guilt in taking up arms; and had it been in behalf of the rich and powerful, the intelligent, the great—as men count greatness—of those who form enactment to suit themselves and corrupt others, or some of their friends, that I interfered, suffered, sacrificed and fell, it would have been doing very well. But enough of this.

These light afflictions, which endure for a moment, shall work but for me a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory. I would be very grateful for another letter from you. My wounds are healing. Farewell. God will surely attend to his own cause in the best possible way and time, and he will not forget the work of his own hands.

Your friend,  
JOHN BROWN.

### THE TESTIMONY OF A SCOUNDREL.

[Among the witnesses brought forward by the prosecution on Brown's trial, was Henry Hunter, 22 years of age, son of the Prosecuting officer, and a son of one of the First Families. His character can be gathered from the subjoined testimony.]

After Mr. Beckham was killed, Mr. Chambers and myself moved forward to the hotel for the purpose of taking the prisoner out and hanging him; we were joined by a number of other persons, who cheered us on in that work; we went up into his room where he was bound, with the undoubted and undisputed purpose of taking his life; at the door we were stopped by persons guarding the door, who remonstrated with us, and the excitement was so great that persons who remonstrated with us one moment would cheer us on the next; we burst into the room where he was, and found several around him, but they offered only a feeble resistance, we brought our guns down to his head repeatedly, myself and another person, for the purpose of shooting him in the room.

There was a young lady there, the sister of Mr. Fouke, the hotel-keeper, who sat in this man's lap, covered his face with her arms, and shielded him whenever we brought our guns to bear, she said to us—"For God's sake wait and let the law take its course;" my associate shouted to kill him; "Let us shoot his blood," were his words; all around were shouting, "Mr. Beckham's life was worth ten thousand of these vile abolitionists;" I was cool about it, and deliberate; my gun was pushed up by some one who seized the barrel, and I then moved to the back part of the room, still with purpose unchanged, but with a view to divert attention from me, in order to get an opportunity, at some moment when the crowd would be less dense, to shoot him; after a moment's thought, it occurred to me that was not the proper place to kill him; we then proposed to take him out and hang him; some person of our band then opened a way to him, and first pushing Miss Fouke aside, we slung him out of doors; I gave him a push, and many others did the same; we then shoved him along the platform and down to the treacle work of the bridge, he begging for his life all the time, very piteously at first.

By-the-by, before we took him out of the room I asked the question what he came here for, he said their only purpose was to free the slaves—that he came here to free the slaves or die. Then he begged, "Don't take my life—a prisoner;" but I put the gun to him, and he said, "You may kill me, but it will be revenge; there are eighty thousand persons sworn to carry out this work." That was his last expression. We bore him out on the bridge with the purpose then of hanging him; we had no rope, and none could be found; it was a moment of wild excitement. Two of us raised our guns—which one was first I do not know—and pulled the trigger. Before he had reached the ground I suppose some five or six shots had been fired into his body; he fell to the railroad track, his back down to the earth and his face up; we then went back for the purpose of getting another one, (Stephens) but he was sick or wounded and persons around him, and I persuaded them myself to let him alone; I said "Don't let us operate on him, but go around and get some more;" we did this act with a purpose, thinking it right and justifiable under the circumstances, and fired and excited by the cowardly, savage manner in which Mr. Beckham's life had been taken.

From the Pittsburgh County Democrat.

### GEN. JOHN BROWN.

Slavery, by its unnumbered crimes in Kansas—the Virginians, by their cowardice, by their hurried, sham, mock trial and by the judicial murder to which they have decreed John Brown, take from him the character of a reckless adventurer, or murderer, and invest him with that of a hero and a martyr. His history is not yet, but is to be written.

Had I been present at the daring adventure of Col. Edwin Allen at Ticonderoga, he would have been shot as a rebel and a traitor—but success crowned his rash and reckless procedure, and history records him as a hero.

Had we sustained success crowned the efforts of "old John Brown" at Harper's Ferry Army, and had his wisest or wildest scheme of slave liberation been realized, he too in the eye of the world would have been a hero—now, he is but a condemned malefactor, to hang like a dog upon the gallows.

But when the Muse of History, in the ages to come, shall impartially record the scenes of the now passing time, and with due discrimination unfolds the traits of character and the acts of John Brown, we are of those who believe that the page which gives the life and death of the gallows victim of slaveholding wrath and malice to the world, will glow with a radiance not inferior to that which shall record the devoted, rough, but unselfish bravery of the hero of Ticonderoga.

We dare thus kindly to speak of the manly heroism and self-devoted bravery of one who, having given four sons to bloody graves, in freedom's conflict, is now himself so soon to die the death of a malefactor on the gibbet, for loving freedom, if not too well, not wisely. And who will not sym-

pathize in this tribute to the Christian manhood, the high principles, the honest devotion, the faithfulness, and sincere desires of one, who so sadly and fatally misjudged in the means and mode of benefiting humanity, crashed and down-trodden?

### FROM FREDRICK DOUGLASS.

Fredrick Douglass has sent a farewell letter to the readers of his paper, in which he says:—

Dark and perilous as is the hour—maddened and vengeful as is the slave power—the infuriated demon of Slavery never seemed to me more worthy of extinction than now. At the present moment, Slavery seems to have gained an advantage. The audacity of the attack made upon it by that stern old hero, who looks death full in the face with a steady eye and undaunted heart, while pierced with bayonet wounds and covered with sabre gashes, has created for the moment, perhaps, a more active resistance to the cause of freedom and its advocates; but this is transient. The moment of passion and revenge will pass away, and reason and righteousness will all the more, for this sudden shock, roll their thundering appeal to the ear and heart of this guilty nation.

The Christian blood of Old John Brown will not cease to cry from the ground long after the clamors of alarm and consternation of the dealers in the bodies and souls of men will have ceased to arrest attention. Men will soon begin to look away from the plot to the purpose—from the effect to the cause. Then will come the reaction—and the names now covered with execration will be mentioned with honor, as noble martyrs to a righteous cause. Yes, and deplorable as was the battle of Harper's Ferry, it will not prove a total loss to the cause of Liberty. The sharp crack of the rifles there, proclaiming LIBERTY TO THE CAPTIVE, CRUELLY LEFT IN BONDAGE BY OUR BOASTED RELIGION AND LAW, MAY ROUSE A DEAF CHURCH AND DUMB MINISTRY TO THE DUTY OF PUTTING AWAY THIS DARK AND DANGEROUS SIN. The silent heights of the Alleghenies, leaning in grandeur against the pure blue sky, will hereafter look down and speak to the slave with a loving and wooing voice. The benumbed conscience of the nation will be revived and become susceptible of right impressions. The slaveholders of Virginia and the South generally, are endeavoring to make the impression that the negroes summoned to the standard of freedom by John Brown, viewed the effort to emancipate them with indifference. An eye witness, and a prominent actor in the transactions at Harper's Ferry, now at my side, tells me that this is grossly aside from the truth. But even if the contrary were shown, it would afford small comfort for the slaveholders. The slaves were sensible enough not to shout before they gained the prize, and their conduct was creditable to their wisdom. The brief space allowed them in freedom, was not sufficient to bring home to them in its fullness the real significance of the occasion. All the efforts to disparage the value of the colored insurgents are grounded in the fears of the slaveholders, not in the facts of the action. They report many dead insurgents, and few killed among those who opposed them. I have at least seen one man among the insurgents reported killed, who is still alive and bids fair to live yet many years. On many accounts, were the thing possible, I should be glad to use the event at Harper's Ferry, and the state of feeling it has produced, before the American people. But there is work abroad as well as at home. Efforts will be made in England as well as in America to tarnish the Harper's Ferry insurrection to the account of Slavery. I may, for a time, be useful there, in raising and countering these efforts.

It will probably be charged, by those who delight in any pretext for aspersing me, that I go to England to escape the demands of justice for my alleged complicity with the Harper's Ferry insurrection. I am not ashamed of endeavoring to escape from such justice as might be rationally expected by a man of color at the hands of a slaveholding court, sitting in the State of Virginia. I am not a favorite in that State, and even if acquitted by the court, with my knowledge of slaveholding magnanimity and civilization, I could scarcely hope to re-cross the slaveholding border with my life. There is no more dishonor in trying to keep out of the way of such a court, than there would be in keeping out of the way of a company of hungry wolves. Nevertheless, it is only due to truth to state, that for more than a year past I have been making arrangements not to go to Harper's Ferry, but to England. This has been known alike to both friends and foes. My going, too, has been delayed, rather than hastened, by the occurrence of that outbreak. The fact of my known intention to visit England in November, and my published lecturing engagements in different parts of the State of New York, plainly show that no man had any right to expect my personal co-operation elsewhere. I am however, free to confess that I deem England a safer asylum for me than any afforded by the President of the United States. I have once before found shelter and protection in a monarchy, from the slaveholders of this Republic, and am indebted not to democratic humanity or justice for the liberty I have enjoyed during the last dozen years, and amid all the atrocities under the Fugitive Slave Bill in America—but to humane British men and women who bought my body and bones with British gold, and made man present to myself—a free, an unselfish gift. In other words, they gave me back the body originally given me by my Creator, but which had been stolen from me under the singularly just and generous laws of a republican slave State. I thank God that there is at least one Christian country on this globe where a colored man as well as a white man may rest secure from the fury and vengeance of armed and terrified slaveholders, the meanest tyrants that ever cursed the earth by their cruelty, or insulted Heaven by their blasphemous arrogance.

Almost ever since the Harper's Ferry disturbance, I have been assured that United States Marshal, in strong force, have been in search of me at different points, but chiefly at Rochester. A